e of the al ficial schemes are fairly looked at, chted people, is not really s

is very clearly the intention of that man shall 'rustio" for his much as a vacuum, and every cros-tre whose physical or mental formaa fitness for activity is ed under the necessity of exerting

CONFEDENCE in the courts is one of the most important guarantees of good order. If the habitual criminal be-Beves that punishment is reasonably cortain in case of detection, he will be dow to commit a crime, and if the reputable citizen" feels sure of the als of the law, he will be slow to take the law into his own hands.

THE careless and apparently indis criminate manner with which the courts of to-day destroy the wills of rich men, documents that embodied the purpose and object of a lifetime of toil, has become one of the notable and notorious abuses of the day, and against this evil there is rising a vigprous demand for rectification and re-

THERE is no excuse in these days of newspapers for any sane person of adult age getting victimized by green goods men, or pocket-book droppers or sweaters, or card sharps, or share beggars, or bogus reformers, or any other such frauds. Not to know of them is to be convicted of gross lack of information, for which there is no

PUBLIC opinion in the United States. stimulated by innumerable and glaring miscarriages of justice, for many years has been steadily ripening to the conviction that radical remedies are need ed in our system of trial by jury. Events are imminent, international in their character, which inevitably must wield a powerful influence toward focusing this sentiment.

WHEN man knows in part, he is eager to know in full. He is sure to make effort to know. His mind works from the known toward the usknown by varied processes. He reasons. He traces analogies. He imagines. He adds surmises to his certainties. And after a while one is puzzled to know now much of his story is dream-stuff and how much the substance out of which true history is made.

Tue idea that the development of Alaska will impoverish that country would have been queer doctrine in the ears of Secretary Seward. Still the fish and the gold and the furs and the woods that will come from Alaska for years to come wal enrich people in other territories of Uncle Sam, and when her own resources are exhausted dicious series of summer hotels.

WE expect brutality from the degraded and ignorant classes, for their training has been such as to dull the edge of sensibility; we look for less sympathetic and considerate impulses from men than from women, because of the constitutional difference between the sexes, and the influence of the hard fight with the world to which most men are subjected, and from which most women are spared. Yet it is not from the slums or from brutal masculinity that we find the worst cruelty

THE cost of coal production in England has increased very largely of late. necessitating much higher prices. At the same time the demand for it, owing to the rapid extension of manufactures, has come at last to equal. if not exceed the supply, and fears are entertained even now that fuel will have to be imported from abroad, so that it will not be long before we of the United States can compete on more than even terms with the home product. Al that we need now is the vessels with which to conduct this trade.

IT is a great mistake to imagine that cess without effort will ever make man or woman happy. What we se to strive for couses to be success and gradually becomes more and more worthies. Suppose the same wages to be paid for nothing that are now od for skill and energy and perwork, or the same applicated on the mere trifler that a given to the public benefactor, they possibly kindle the same or do? They would mean noth-and for nothing, and shortly to acthing.

ming of our first century god great men. The ending seems to be an age of fately forms of Wash-lies and Jefferson and to dwarf the leader

. NOBODY CARES.

A wearly-was little face,
A feeble, foriors little smile,
Poor faltering feet,
That must face this heat
Por many and many a mile—
A star stealing out of the dusk;
A lamp that luridly flares.
In the wide city's whirl
Just a nameless girl—
Nobody caras!

A desolate, death stricken room,
A pillow pushed up to the wall;
A flicker that shows
A face in repose:
Silence, and that is all,

we just on the wordegone cheek to look which man raptness wears, The light on the brow— Ah, who shall say now, "Nobody cares!"

LOST IN A FOG.

When I was eighteen years of age I was a strong, handsome girl, ardently fond of the water. My father was rich. and, during the summers we lived in his cottage right on the sea-shore. I was a capital sailor and had a tiny catboat of my own, in which I cruised up and down the river just back of our home, the stream being separated by a narrow strip of sand beach from the

Careless of sunburn or freckles and rigged in a natty blue flannel sailor stume. I spent most of my spare time sailing and rowing and fishing, and the enjoyment and health I got from those delightful sports did me much good.

But though I caught many fish in the pretty river I wasn't satisfied. I wanted the bigger ones from the great, blue ocean and i watched, with longing eyes, the sturdy, native fishermen in their little dories going out over the high-rolling surf and returning with their poats filled with all kinds of deep sea monsters. Of course they wouldn't be bothered with a girl on their exciting and adventuresome trips, so I had to content myself on the safe river and

wish I was a man.

But one day in September, after a reck of wonderfully quiet weather, the ocean became as calm and glassy as a mill pond. Along the beach where the surf usually raged and thundered only the faintest, laziest ripples slowly lapped the sand.

A child could almost launch a boat and float on the still, shiny sea where a mile or less from shore the hishermen were having royal sport, as I saw

through my glass.

The longer I looked the easier it semed for me at last to realize by ver recurring dreams or fishing in the ocean-proving I could get my small and light boat across the narrow sand strip into it as the men did. Soon the temptation proved irresistible and regardless of consequences I deter-mined to at least make the effort.

Rowing my boat up the river where couldn't be seen from the houses, and getting a dozen boys who were there crabbing, to help push, we soon had the "Foam" out of the river, across the sand and into the dear old ocean. With a "Hurrah boys! Good-bye!" I was off alone, and after an hour's hot work at the oars, found myself anchored and hauling in more big fish than I had ever dreamed of. It was afternoon and not a breath of air was

Enthused with the glorious pleasure I was having, I neither cared nor thought of anything else. I saw not the distant boats making for land, never noticed the line of gray sen-fog creeping up from the eastern horizon till I was enveloped in it. Even then I only got my waterproof cloak from my locker, put it on and kept fishing, for the fog was warm and didn't chill

I was and felt that the sooner I got raised the little anchor, got out the coat," and he assumed it. compass to guide me, and the darkness was rapidly increasing. The sea was vet quiet, but I expected the turn of the tide would roughen it. By and by laid on my oars to listen for a sound from the shore, which I was certain must be near. All, but the fish flopping on the bottom of my boat, was as still as the tomb and nearly as dark. I gave a halloo and another, but my straining ears caught no reply. I shouted again and louder. No response, and I was becoming chilled. If by the beach, where I knew they must be searching for me, I would have been heard and answered. Then I became frightened and realized my danger. I was on the ocean in a tiny boat

out a cabin-night coming on and lost lost in the awful black son fog. After a momentary panic I grew calm enough to think and take some observations to try and make out, if possible, my whereabouts. If there had been a sea breeze I might have told the direction of the land but there wasn't. If I had known the time of tide, it could have helped me; but I

Finally I concluded that in hoisting anchor I had missed my bearings and instead of pulling toward the shore. I had rowed out further to sea or else in circles like lost people always wander. As nothing was to be gained by rowing, save exercise to keep warm in the colder growing fog, I got out my woolen jacket from the locker, put it on under my water proof, and prayed.

halloo." Tired and well nigh exhausted I on found myself dozing and was just failing asleep when a low, distant steam whistle started me to hope and action. Again I heard it, and louder. then again apparently approaching.
Of it was a steamship surely, feeling

the way through the fog.

Would it come near e nough to hear
my cries and save—or would it run me

I come, notice it come, but not so close as to hurt or help me. Vainly I shouted, and despairingly. I heard the deep, fearful sounds die away.

Then I knew I had rowed and driftfar out to see, and in the line of

me affect much longer, as the sea was A POPULAR RECREATION.

evidently rising.

I had often heard that drowning was not only a painless death out a pleasant one, and although that was some

I was too young to die, and yet i ed as if I must soon perish. Pitchy blackness surrounded me, to the fog was utterly dense, and dripping with chilling moisture. I couldn't tell hardly which way the

increasing waves were coming, so, despite my efforts, my frail craft was filling with water In another short half hour, probably

less, I must drown. Then faintly from somewhere came the sound of a bell. "Ding-dong-ding-dong." Was it from a ship at anchor? Catching its direction I slowly and painfully worked my oars in a last dc :-perate struggle to reach it. "Dingdong-ding-dong." 1 was gaining— now I was close to its welcome sound, straining my eyes looking for the an-chored vessel, and calling, and scream-

ing for help.
"Ding-dong." I was on top of a big wave, powerless to guide my boat, the bell sounding not ten feet away. A bigger wave struck me broadside filling my boat. I was sinking, and aid apparently at hand. Help!" I shricked.

"Ding-dong." Then a crash-a flood of water and I was pitched from a wave's crest against a floating object—what for the moment, I knew not. I felt the boat sinking. With the instinct of a drowning person I leaped and clutched as I struck the second time the thing and found myself, as the poor boat disappeared, swallowed by the water, on the iron skeleton frame of a bell buoy.

There, standing on its platform grasping the iron uprights, nearly washed off with every wave, and lis tening to its awful "ding-dong" from the bell over my head I stuck 'till the blessed daylight came and the fog

cleared away in the sunshine.

An incoming steamer found me half dead hanging there, and rescued me from the sharks, which they said were swimming around and waiting for the breakfast, which, thank heaven, didn't make.

Caught in Their Own Trap.

The playing of practical jokes is apt to be disagreeable for the victims, but now and then the jokers themselves get the worse of it. A case in point. A few months since a party of men about town in Detroit, including several city and country officials, went "out road" to have a little celebration. They were accompanied by a Chicago newspaper man, who was not their equal in apacity for imbibing and soon became talkative. He repeatedly said that he considered Detroit nothing better than a country village, and finally one of the party slipped out of the road house where they were and, going to the office of the justice of the peace, explained the condition of affairs, and the official, somewhat indiscreetly, fell in with the joke and issued a warrant for the reporter on the charge of attempting to provoke a breach of the

This was given to a constable who arrested the offender, handcuffed him and took him before the justice followed by the whole party. He was suffi-ciently befuddled so that he did not at first regard the matter at much less than one of life and death, and after the evidence was in and the lawyer as-signed to his defense had made an argument he arose and said:

"I would like to ask the court for permission to say a few words. I do not understand the customs of this city. I am from the West, as any one Suddenly it seemed to grow darker can see by the way I wear this slouch and thicker, and then I thought where hat," at the same time putting it on. "You can judge, also, by the pecu-

safely ashore the better it would be. I liar manner in which I put on my over oars and began to pull as quickly as my tired arms would let me for home. and he drew a revolver, covering the for a long time, over an hour it the words. Now, if any of you jays the words. Now, if any of you jays me I'll bore a hole in you." backed out of the room, sprang into one of the carriages and told the driver to get back to the city as fast as he could. "I'll wait for the rest of the party.

said the driver. No, you won't; you'll go now." And when the driver saw the revolver he went and went fast. "They do say" that it required a half hour to collect the jokers from under the tables and other places of refuge.

What a Horse Would Say. Don't hitch me to an iron post of railing when the morcury is below freezing. I need the skin on my

Don't leave me hitched in my stall at night with a big cob right where must he down. I am tied and can't select a smooth place.

Don't compol me to eat more salt than I want by mixing it in my oats. I know better than any other animal how much I need.

Don't think because I go free under the whip, that I don't get tired. You would move up if under the whip. Don't think because I am a horse, that iron weeds and briars won't hurt

Don't whip me when I get frightened along the road, or I will expect it next time and maybe make trouble Don't trot me up hill, for I have to carry you and the buggy and myself

my hav.

too. Try it yourself sometime. up a hill with a big load. Don't keep my stable very dark, for when I go out into the light, my eyes are injured, especially if snow be or the ground.

Don't say "whoa" unless you mes it. Teach me to stop at that word. It may check me if the lines break, and

save a runaway and smash-up. Don't make me drink ice cold water nor put a frosty bit in my mouth. Warm the bit by holding it a half minute against my body.

Don't forget to file my teeth when hey get jagged as I cannot chew my When I get loan it is a sign my toeth want filing. Don't ask me to "back" with blinds

ASTONISHING GROWTH OF THE BICYCLING FAD.

Battereen 250,000 and 200,000 Whee in the Country at the Present Time -Will the Bike Catch Up With the Tretting Horse !

There was a time a few years ago when cycling seemed to have reached its limit. One would have said that it its limit. One would have said that it was likely to remain stationary, or even to decline in public favor. Since that time a few things have happened, however, which have changed the appearance of things wonderfully. The perfection of the safety wheel has made it possible to ride without the constant fear of a broken poss. The invention perfection of the safety wheel has made it possible to ride without the constant fear of a broken gose. The invention of the ladies' bicycle has relieved the weaker sex of the burden of a third wheel and set women all over the country to cycling. The pneumator tire has placed the bicycle racer abreast of the trotting horse for short distances and away ahead of it for long ones. The prices of "machines" have dropped as their quality improved. The improvement of the common roads has been due largely to the persistent clamor of cyclists and reacts to increase their number.

There are between 250,000 and 300,000 wheels in the country, not counting

wheels in the country, not counting the myriads of children's velocipedes. the myriads of children's velocipedes. As some of the cycles are hired out and tome owned in parinership and some are tandems and carry double, there may not be so very many short of 500,000 regular and occasional wheelmen in this country.

The safety or "goat" bicycle is the



LADIES' SAFETY.

universal favorite nowadays with me and women alike.

Even in racing the safety is only about five seconds to the mile behind the big wheel. Such a record as twen-

ty-five miles on the road in 1:26:40 shows that the safety is by no means slow when vigorously propelled.
Robert Bonner says the bicycle rider will never catch up with the trotting horse for a single mile, but Mr. Bonner is a prejudiced witness and apt to be mistaken. The mile record has been much more rapidly reduced by bicycle riders than by trotters, and that the makers have not exhausted the possitility of improvement is altogether probable. The cushion tire proves to not much of an improvement upon expected of the pneumatic tire, which consists of a hollow rubber tube blown full of air. The great trouble with this tire so far is that it has to be made soft and flexible, and soon wears out and bursts. It may be doubted with the rit will ever be much used on cheap road, machines, but for track racing it is certainly a great invention, saving several seconds on the mile. One inventive Philadelphian has de-vised a steam bicycle which, he says, will go fifteen miles an hour with no more labor than that of steering. With such huge profits to be made in the sale of wheels, the inventors are likely

sale of wheels, the inventors are likely to keep improving them every year. The English Bicycling Newssays that a ladies' college debated the question whether wheeling was a proper sport



THE NEW STEAM TRICYCLE. on it, thirty-two favoring the voted on it, thirty-two favoring the sport, four-teen denouncing it, and seven "hedging." It is difficult to see why any one should wish to negative such a question, provided the woman has time, money, and strength. But no; time and money alone are necessary. The The best sport of all is sometimes seen when husband and wife go leisure-

v trundling along upon a tandem and bree or four children of assorted size; ome following after mounted, singly or doubly, upon their own wheels.



Words taken from a sign at a village feed null.-Judge.

Musical Gas Machine.

The musical gas machine, called the pyrophone, seems to have attracted much attention abroad. Its compass is three octaves, and it has a keyboard, being played in the same manner as an organ. There are thirty-seven glass tubes, in which a like set of gas jets burn, and these jets, placed in a circle, contract and expand. When the small burners separate the sound is produced; when they close together the sound causes. The tone depends on the number of burners and the size of the tubes in which they burn; so that by a careful arrangement and selection at the notes of the musical scale may be produced in several octaves. Some of the glass tubes in which the jets burn are nearly eleven feet long. Musical Gas Machine. urly eleven feet long.

In Piance—I am sorry to hear papa apeculating so heavily.

In Piance—By Jove It is almost riminal for man to speculate with pear that are a secondate.

FOR THE PARLOR.

How Easily a Pretty Home

ment May Bo Made.

Materials, three-quarters of a yard of yellow satin ribbon, four and a half inches wide, and one and ope-sightly yards of black satin ribbon, four inches wide; sixty-one brass rings about one-half inch in diameter, and one ball knitting silk to match the shade of yellow satin, and one yard of one and yellow satin, and one yard of one and a half inches wide yellow ribbon. First cover twenty-four of the rings



A PRETTY PARLOR SACHET BAG. with the yellow silk in single crochet stitch, working all the way round one ring before joining to the next, then half-way round the second and join to the third, and so on, until you come to the twenty-fourth ring, which you will work all round and then follow down the uncovered halves of the rings and finish them, until you come back and finish them, until you come back to the one you started from. Your last join will then come between the two rings, and all this time you have

two rings, and all this time you have not broken your thread, Make a second strip of twenty-four wheels in exactly the same manner, Fold the yellow ribbon in halves, and sew the strips of wheels along its sides, so that they will stop at equal distances from the opening at the top, which is to be fringed to the depth of

two inches.

The black ribbon is now to be folded along its entire length and fastened in a similar manner to the rings on both sides of the yellow strip. A row of rings is crocheted and sewed to the bottom of the bag, and twenty-five threads of the silk tied into each ring for a fringe to be two and a half inches long when done) completes this lovely bag. The fringed yellow top of ribbon bag. The fringed yellow top of ribbon is tied together with about a yard of Tom Thumb ribbon, and the black handle is suspended from the wall by a pretty bow of one yard of one-and-a-half inch yellow satin. A narrow strip of sheet wadding, nently concealed, may be laid between the yellow ribbons, and sachet powder be sprinkled th ough it.—Ladies' Home Journal.

THE STANFORD UNIVERSITY

mething About David S. Jordan Who Will Be Its President. Senator Leland Stanford has chosen

for president of his new university Dr. Jordan, who has been president of the Indiana University for the past term of office at Palo Alto will begin next September, the salary being \$10,000 per annum and dan is a scientist ncknowledged

ing, and has had Dr. Jordan was born at Gains ville, N. Y., in January, 1851. In 1870 he became instructor in botany at Cornell university, meanwhile studying in that institution and graduating in 1872. Subsequently he moved to Indianapolis and graduated at the Indiana Medical College in 1875. During his educational career Professor Jordan served as Pro-fessor of Biology in Lombard University at Galesburg. III. In 1884 he was elected president of the Indiana University, Under his administration the university has been practically re-modeled, and President Jordan's inluence has been felt all over Indiana every branch of educational

Beneficent French Institution Which Ought to Be Copled Here.

leavor.

By French law, on every highway in France, and on every street which there is stationed at a point where the rise begins, an "extra horse," The law compels the use of



THE EXTRA HORSE. this horse until the summit of the hill is reached, and there is a heavy fine for refus ng to hire the extra, at a small

fixed rate.
A placard by the roadside indicates the point where the extra horse must be taken on and another, higher up, shows where he may be dispensed with. All truckmen and other tenmsters in large cities pay strict attention to this regulation, framed in the interest of toiling animals.

Mending Broken Glass A good cement for mending broken glass is made as follows: Place in a large monthed bottle two ounces of isinglass, shredded finely, and two ounces of gum arabic. Pour over these ounces of gum arabic. Pour over these enough alcohol of highest proof, to cover them. Put the cork in tightly, and place the bottle in a saucepan and boil until the gum and isinglass are entirely dissolved. Stir it, from time to time, with a little stick. Put a brush through the cork, and keep for use.

The Value of Washing Sods in Piper Keep sewer pipes connected with sta-tionary stands, clean and wholesome by scalding once in a week with boiling water in which washing soda has been disclosed, remembering that many a case of diphitheria has been attributed BLACKBEARD.

He was a beau ideal pirate, po with a mania for getting married. During his first sojourn at North Carolina his friend, the governor married him to his fifteenth wife, a young girl of 16, whom he treated most bru tally. Unlike the French Bluebeard, nowever, he did not, so far at least as our knowledge goes, kill any of his wives. He had them at different ports. and presumably visited each just when he happened to be in her particular neighborhood. He was a man of some numor, but humor of a grim, sardonic kind, which is illustrated by a couple

of stories I take the liberty of relating. He was drinking one night in his esbin with his pilot, with Hands, cap-tain of one of the sloops, and with anright. other man who is unnamed. Sudden ly the diabolical fit came upon him. and quietly drawing out a pair of pistols, he cocked them crosswise under the table, blew out the light and fired. The anoymous man had heard the cock of the weapons, and knowing that mischief was whistling in the air. made tracks for the companion, but Hands and the pilot were not quick enough, and the former received a shot in the knee which lamed him for life. while the latter escaped with nothing worse than a grazed leg. Hands, with a loud oath asked what was the meaning of this diversion, whereupon Blackbeard, with another oath, answered if he did not now and then kill one of them they would forget who he was! The other story is illustrative of

Blackbeard's ambition to beat the devil In his own line. The fit came on him again, and he said abruptly, 'Come, let us make a hell of our own and try how long we can bear it." he dragged two or three of his subordinates down into the hold, closed up all the hatches, filled several pots full of brimstone, and other combustible matter, and set it all on fire. Before long the men cried for air, but he would not open the hatches, and kept them down there until they were nearly suffocated, and until the whole three fell down nearly dead from the poisonous fumes. He piqued himself ever afterward on being "the best devil" on his ship In point of fact, the arch-fiend seems to have been the only being of whom Blackbeard was the least afraid; and, on another occasion, he was in much trepidation owing to the presence on pard of some individual who came from no one knew where, and who, after some mysterious conduct, disappeared without leaving a trace behind him. "They verily believed it was the devil," we are told. Blackbeard died fighting as beseems an old sea ruffian and in his last encounter against Lieutenant Maynard, did not finally drop until he had received five pistol shots and twenty saber cuts about the body.

HARPS KNOWN TO FAME.

Sraphle Account of Instruments that Have Done Sweet Service. For years controversy was rife cerning the age of a celebrated harp

now in Trinity College, Dublin. The result of much speculation and correspondence places its date in the foureenth century, with a margin of a few loose years before or after; all of which is quite satisfactory to people in general. There is a cast of this antique instrument in the South Kensington

Museum. Next on the list of honorable years given to sweet and tender service may be seen, in the Highlands of Scotland the Clarsach Lumanach, also called Lamont's Clarshoe. This venerable harp was included in the belongings of also abundant ex-perione as an edrom Argyleshire about the middle of the fifteenth century, on her marringe into the old Perthshire family of

Robertson of Lude. This Lamont Clarshoe is described as having thirty strings, tuned singly, but the scale was sometimes doubled in pairs of unisons," like lutes and other instruments popular at that time. The Dalway harp in Ireland in-scribed "Ego sum Regina Cithararum," and dated 1621, is said to have had pairs of strings in the center only. These were of brass wire, and were played with pointed finger nails. The Italian contemporary "arpa doppia" was entirely upon the duplex principle,

entirely by the fleshy ends of the fin-

He Would Grow. A much-admired girl was overheard while carrying on the following brief conversation with a young man who was known to be desperately smitten with her charms. She was fondling her dog, who was walking by her side. "I wish I were your dog!" said he,

gers.

The girl looked at the dog, and then at her adorer, and said with a patronizing air: "You'll grow!"-New York Sun Sillabubb's Scope. "Now," she said to Mr. Sillabub, as

giving the girl most rapturous glances.

she fixed herself comfortably. "sit right down in that easy chair and tell me all you know." Why, daughter," put in her mamma in surprise, "I thought you wanted

Mr. Sillabubb to stay all evening."-Washington Star. Drawing the Line.

A native New Zealander was induced to wear a shirt, a paper collar, shoes and a hat, and he almost concluded to eat with a knife and embrace Christianity. Then they asked him to wear suspenders and he went out and hanged suspenders and he went out and hanged himself. It was pushing civilization

An Intelligent Horse. A horse at Alexandria which was run over by a Texas & Pacific train and had one of its legs broken, hobbled to a store near by, knocked at the door, and by signs and brute language ap-

pealed for relief. Lands near the center of population nave advanced in value, as the following instance will show: "A lot of land in Cincinnati, 80x90 feet in dimensions,

once bought for \$4, recently sold for

Those who cannot go as nature inled them are very numerous. A ler in artificial limbs says that 800,-

THE INTELLIGENT COMPOSITOR

There are some things that the average printer cannot or will not do, and some that he both can do and does. The former are not nearly so numerous as the latter, so they may be cata-logued before a schedule is attempted of his virtues.

The average compositor says the San Francisco Chronicle, cannot be persuaded that there is such a word as "ingenuous." He is certain to make it into "ingenious" at least nine times out of ten; and then, to restore the average between the u and the i, he is very likely to make "insidious" into rinsiduous," possibly misled by 'de-

His pons asinorum, however, is consensus," which he will set up concensus" in spite of the united efforts of writer, proof-reader and the whole staff of ealtors. The word "census" seems to carry him off his feet, and he lives and dies in the belief that the longer word is "census," with

the "con" prefixed.

Every printing office has what are called "style rules," which are intended to be followed as closely as possible. A common, though not universal, rule is that figures are to be used instead of printing the numbers out at length, out this rule could hardly excuse the compositor for setting up the familiar line of the old hymn so that it read, ·10,000,000" (ten thousand thousand) "are their tongues, but all their joys are 1," or for spoiling the editor's quotation from the song, "Meet Me in he Lane at Half Past Nine," by setting it up. "Meet Me in the Lane at

One more illustration completes the rategory of his ordinary misdeeds. Whenever an attempt is made to quote the celebrated chapter, "On the Snakes of Iceland," which is comprised in the words, "There are no snakes in Iceland." the compositor, no matter how legible his copy, will convert "Iceand" into "Ireland," the St. Patrick legend being apparently more familiar to him than the history of Iceland.

But now let us see what the compostor can do and does every day of his life. He takes a manascript, the chirography of which would make the lid of a Chinese tea chest blush with envy. ranslates it into the vernacular as he goes along, corrects the spelling and grammar, and oftentimes the rhetoric. and turns it out, not as the author wrote it, but as he intended to write it. He sets up better English than most men can write; he can detect errors of fact as well as of style; he can give the horse editor points on sporting matters, and the religious editor on theology; he can appreciate even the merits of a discussion on the tariff.

and detect the fallacies in a profound leader on economics; and he can do more hard and intelligent work in a given time, if he has to, than any other

sort of handicraftsman. Setting off, then, his eccentricities and idiosyncrasies against his fund of general information, his knowledge of a wide range of subjects, and his ability o discriminate between good and bad literary work, it is surely no misnomer to call him the "intelligent composi-

Her Opinion of Men.

she was a slight, delicate little woman with a determined, fear-nothing look on her youthful face. Her jacket was unfastened, her bang tossed back in a careless manner, and altogether there was a brisk, breezy look of the advanced woman about the slim little body. "I've been a business for three years," she said, decidedly, and have invariably found men in every way courteous and polite to me. The great mistake the independent woman makes in her relations with men s in letting them see that she is independent. Now, when I am with men am the most helpless, clinging creaare on the footstool, and they are always lovely to me. Men don't like smart, elever women half so well as gentle, timid creatures that appeal to heir senses of chivalry, and the nineteenth century man has as much of it is a mediæval knight if you only know how to find it. Now, when I was first married and my husband asked me if but with gut strings and was played was afraid to stay at home in the evening, I almost laughed, for I really thought nothing at all of going from Staten Island to Yonkers after dinner on business; but I managed to keep my ace very serious, while I told him that was a perfect coward, that the dreadful shivers ran down my back every time I heard a little noise when I was done. Result: He always stays in every evening, and there isn't a queen on the globe that has as nice a time as do after the dinner is over. Don't be oo smart is my advice to women, or, f you can't help being clever and capable never let the man you love know you are able to pick up your own handkerchief when you drop it if you want to be treated like a princess royal

all your life. Beasts of Burden.

Among the earliest hieroglyphical records of man in the East we find beasts of burden playing an important part as the servants of our race, but we do not find any trace of the migra-tion of these useful animals from the eastern to the western hemisphere. They are undoubtedly with one exception natives of the East, and they were found there by the early tribes who invaded the country from America. The horse may have been the one exception, for the fossil remains of several species are found in this country, but there is no evidence or probability that any of them were ever domesticated or used as burden.

A Deadly Drug. Absinthe is known to our pharma-

opecia as a preparation of the essential oll of wormwood, generally diffused in alcohol and disguised by the addi-tion of a little oil of anise. Its primary offeets upon the system are stimulative and tonic. Its secondary effects subtle, obscure and destructive. Like most of the drugs which ensiave, it sooner or later affects the volition, breaks down later affects the volition, breaks down the moval centres and sets up an abnormal and irritant self-consciousness. The French physicians, who have had the best opportunity to study its symtomatology, declare that the continued use of the poison ends in cerebral lesion, opilopsy and envaleived